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Horace Seaver

Horace Seaver

Memorial.

BOSTON
J. P. MENDUM, PUBLISHER.
1889.

In Memoriam.

"YES! THE GRAVE
HATH QUENCHED THAT EYE, AND DEATH'S RELENTLESS FROST
WITHERED THAT ARM; BUT THE UNFADING FAME
WHICH VIRTUE HANGS UPON ITS VOTARY'S TOMB,
THE DEATHLESS MEMORY OF THAT MAN, * *
* * * * * * * * *
THE REMEMBRANCE
WITH WHICH WE STILL SHALL CONTEMPLATE
HIS WELL-SPENT PILGRIMAGE ON EARTH,
SHALL NEVER PASS AWAY."

— *Shelley*.

Preface.

THIS tribute of respect and appreciation is offered to the public in memory of one whose services to his fellow-men cannot be too highly estimated. All the beautiful words that are here said of him I can heartily endorse. During a most intimate acquaintance of over fifty years, I never knew him to falter in the line of duty, or to swerve from the high standard of manhood he had established for himself. Calm and dignified in all emergencies, he was ever the steadfast friend, the valued counsellor. In tenderest love, I cherish the memory of my late associate, HORACE SEEVER.

J. P. MENDEN.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 7, 1889.

Biography.

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Biography.

HORACE SEAVER was born in Boston on the 25th of August, 1810. He was the second son of Nathaniel and Hannah Seaver, and as a boy was bright and promising, early giving evidence of the kindness and ability which characterized his after life and made him conspicuous among his fellows in all that marks the superior man. He was descended from good old New England stock, and was proud that his ancestors were Americans and fought in the great Revolution. He was educated in the public schools, and was greatly attached to these institutions, attributing the love of justice, liberty, and fair play, that were prominent traits in his character, to the early training in equality and self-reliance which he received while attending the schools of Boston. Their safety and perpetuity he regarded as necessary to the stability

of this government, and was ever ready to resist with his powerful voice and pen any encroachment on their rights.

He was named after the once famous Unitarian minister, Horace Holly, and his parents intended that he should follow in the footsteps of that popular man. But early in life, while at Plymouth, Mass., he had the good fortune to attempt the defence of the Christian Religion before a debating club, of which he was a member, and was himself so swayed by the arguments of his companions that thenceforth his faith began to wane. After listening to the noted Freethinker, Robert Dale Owen, in Albany, N. Y., MR. SEEVER, who had now given up all idea of becoming a minister, renounced his former theological ideas, and—to use his own words—“dropped the ministerial part of my [his] name, Holly, and ever after retained the Heathen part, Horace.”

On his return from Albany, where he had worked several months as printer, MR. SEEVER entered the office of the INVESTIGATOR in the year 1837, as compositor. Mr. Kneeland's trial for blasphemy was then in progress, and on visiting that worthy gentleman later in jail after his conviction, he was so impressed with the fanat-

icism that had imprisoned him, that henceforth he resolved to devote his life to the overthrow of all forms of superstition and tyranny over the human mind.

About this time, Mr. J. P. Mendum, who had also become a disciple of Free Thought, assumed control of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, and as Mr. Kneeland was unable to attend to all the editorial work, MR. SEEVER was invited to assist him, and in 1839, after Mr. Kneeland had left Boston to reside in the West, he became sole occupant of the editorial chair, thus vacated. Then began that remarkable partnership between himself and Mr. Mendum, which, having continued for over fifty years, has ripened into more than brotherly affection and is now only severed by the icy hand of death. As one of our contemporaries remarked of him: "From that day to this present time, MR. SEEVER has diligently and heroically labored as compositor, editor, and lecturer, for the development and promotion of the good cause of Free Thought, as he has understood its principles and objects. Both in season and out of season, in health and sickness, with scarcely a day's interruption for the last half century, he has stood at his post like a faithful sentinel and asked for no

discharge from his warfare in behalf of Universal Mental Liberty, and against religious bigotry, priestcraft, intolerance, and superstition."

He was especially fond of debates, regarding free discussion as a prime factor in the promotion of truth; and every Sunday, before Paine Hall was established, would find him in Hospitaller Hall, the most brilliant and effective of the many able orators who used to assemble there, ready to wrestle in debate with such men as Wetherell, Verity, King, Burk, Babcock, and others. We are knowing to the fact that many a Christian who dropped into "old Hospitaller" from a spirit of mischief or curiosity, came away, after listening to one of MR. SEAXER's forceful arguments, with ideas that led him forever from the faith of his fathers. It was the delight of his friends to find him pitted in debate against some Christian opponent, and unfortunate indeed was that individual to whom it was allotted to defend theology against his scathing attacks. On several occasions have we seen these worthies so discomforted and dumbfounded by the powerful and irresistible logic of MR. SEAXER, that they have rushed from the hall without a word, and left him undisputed master of the situation.

At the meeting held in New York City, May 4, 1845, where was under consideration the adoption of a name under which all dissenters could unite against the common foe, Christianity, it was the eloquent remarks of young SEEVER, then in early manhood, which brought order out of chaos, and caused the word *Infidel* to be adopted by the Convention. H. L. Green, in referring to his appearance at the great Watkins' Glen Convention, held in August, 1878, says: "It was after nine o'clock when he arrived from Boston, and he was of course greatly fatigued; but a large meeting was being held in the Town Park, and when it was learned that the well-known Editor of the INVESTIGATOR was present, all clamored for a speech. Hundreds who had known him through the INVESTIGATOR for years were present who had never before seen him. He came forward and spoke for fifteen minutes, and no more eloquent speech was ever before delivered. Every sentence was full of thought and wisdom and good common sense. He reached every heart before him, and if there were Orthodox people present, (and there must have been a great many,) they could but have admitted that a good and great man was addressing them, — one who was entitled

to the respect of every true friend of humanity." At the State Freethinkers' Convention at Albany, (N. Y.) Sept. 11, 12, and 13, 1885, his remarks charmed the large audience assembled in the Opera House, and they left profoundly impressed with the worth and greatness of the venerable man who addressed them. Thus it was. He was one of Nature's noblemen, and was possessed of qualities that in other and more popular walks of life, had he chosen them, would have covered him with wealth and fame, and ranked him among the fortunate of earth. But who shall say his reward is not greater in the consciousness of a duty well performed, and the impression he has made and is yet to make on the progressive thought of the country?

His life, though long, has been an exceedingly placid and quiet one, and, except an occasional absence from home on a lecturing tour, has been mostly passed within the four walls of his sanctum, surrounded by his books and the exchanges that he loved to peruse. During the long years of his editorial work—the longest, perhaps, of any living man—he met many of the leading reformers of this troublous period, and numbered among his personal friends such illustrious names

as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Elizur Wright, Charles Bradlaugh, George J. Holyoake, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, James Parton, Parker Pillsbury, and others. Blessed with a philosophic temperament, he was at home in any society, and possessing a rare fund of anecdote and personal reminiscences, was a most agreeable and entertaining companion. But he also loved solitude, and where "none intrude," could be always happy and occupied with his own thoughts.

In physique he was most commanding, his large head and dignified bearing securing to him naturally and at all times the deference of those with whom he came in contact. Personally he was the most kind and agreeable of men. Generous to a fault, he had little regard for money, and would cheerfully part with his earnings to any one who might solicit assistance. In fact, so heedless was he of his own interests in this respect that it was found necessary for his friends to be constantly on the watch for those who, knowing Mr. SEEVER'S *weakness*, were always waiting an opportunity to bother him with their sorrowful tales. He was considerate and good natured always, easily approached, and would reassure with a

smile and a kind word those who might otherwise be disconcerted by his imposing presence. All the employees in the INVESTIGATOR office loved him, and cordially accorded to him that admiration which true greatness ever inspires.

Since the death of his wife in 1858, Mr. SEEVER has resided in his brother's family and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lydia Seaver, is due the thanks of all Liberals for the kind care she has taken of Mr. SEEVER during his last illness.

He was one of the promoters of the Paine Memorial Building enterprise, and was President of the Paine Memorial Corporation at the time of his death. It was chiefly owing to his hearty and disinterested support that Mr. Mendum was able to save the building for the purposes for which it was intended. This will always remain a temple for him as well as Mr. Mendum, and as long as it stands will reflect credit to both. But his greatest monument will ever be THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR; for whatever the paper has been for the last fifty years, he has made it. To this work he has concentrated the energies of his intellectual life, the force of his genius, the value of his experience. The effect these efforts have had in moulding Liberal thought and modifying Puritanical

ideas, it is impossible to estimate; but, if the eloquent Ingersoll's words be true, he and his associates have helped to Liberalize a Continent. As brave and true men as MR. SEEVER have stood for the right, as honest hearts have suffered for the welfare of mankind; but, in our opinion, no philosopher has lived in whom wisdom and courage, firmness and courtesy, have been more happily blended than in the noble one whose life has just ebbed away.

As his life was brave and good, so was his death calm and philosophic. For although he has known for some weeks that death was inevitable, it has caused him no trouble beyond the natural regret that he must part with Mr. Mendim, and was forced to leave the scenes of earth which he so heartily enjoyed. When he learned that his old friend Colonel Ingersoll would speak at his funeral, he manifested a positive pleasure, and more than once alluded to it in the days preceding his dissolution. He died as he lived, a Freethinker. He had no faith in religions of any kind, which he always looked upon as but different forms of superstition, but he did possess in a rare degree that larger faith that, whatever happened, living or dead, would be natural, and therefore

right. The complaint from which he suffered was dropsy, and since his first attack, last January, he has been gradually failing, till the end, which came peacefully and calmly.—“*E. M.*”

Funeral Services.

Funeral Services.

THE last ceremonies over the body of the beloved editor of *THE INVESTIGATOR*, HORACE SVAVER, were performed on Sunday afternoon, in Paine Hall. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered the funeral address, and the hall was packed by sympathetic and sorrowing friends, — hundreds turned away from the doors being unable to pass through the dense crowd that thronged about the entrance. It was necessary to issue invitations of admission a few days before the funeral to special friends, in order that they might be assured seats in the hall. Long before two o'clock every chair was filled, and soon after that hour the doors were thrown open to the assemblage in the street; but the building could not accommodate one quarter part of the many who sought admission.

The casket stood in front of the platform, displaying half the figure and the features of the deceased. A wreath of flowers lay at the head of the coffin; a bouquet reposed on the dead Editor's breast; and then, occupying the rest of the space on the casket, was a floral torch with the inscription, "Gone before." A fine crayon portrait of Mr. SVAVER rested on a draped easel on the left side of the stage, on which hung a wreath of flowers, with a card bearing the words, "A good heart has ceased to beat; a great heart is silent."

The funeral services began with the singing of the following hymn, by the Temple Quartette.

LAY ME LOW.

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary, lay me low;
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow;
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens drooping grow;
Where the young birds chirp and sing,
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long,
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right:
Always with a stubborn heart
Taking, giving blow for blow;
Brothers, I have played my part —
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standard on the wall;
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all.
When my work is done, 't is best
To let all my troubles go;
I am weary, let me rest —
I am weary, lay me low.

Eulogy.

BY

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

HORACE SEEVER was a pioneer, a torch-bearer, a toiler in that great field we call the world,—a worker for his fellow-men. At the end of his task he has fallen asleep, and we are met to tell the story of his long and useful life,—to pay our tribute to his work and worth.

He was one who saw the dawn while others lived in night. He kept his face toward the “purpling east,” and watched the coming of the blessed day.

He always sought for light. His object was to know, to find a reason for his faith,—a fact on which to build.

In superstition’s sands he sought the gems of truth ; in superstition’s night he looked for stars.

Born in New England,—reared amid the cruel superstitions of his age and time,—he had the

manhood and the courage to investigate, and he had the goodness and the courage to tell his honest thoughts.

He was always kind, and sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was no taint or touch of malice in his blood. To him his fellows did not seem depraved,—they were not wholly bad,—there was within the heart of each the seeds of good. He knew that back of every thought and act were forces uncontrolled. He wisely said: “Circumstances furnish the seeds of good and evil, and man is but the soil in which they grow.” He fought the creed and loved the man. He pitied those who feared and shuddered at the thought of death,—who dwelt in darkness and in dread.

The religion of his day filled his heart with horror.

He was kind, compassionate, and tender, and could not fall upon his knees before a cruel and revengeful God,—he could not bow to one who slew with famine, sword, and fire,—to one pitiless as pestilence, relentless as the lightning stroke. Jehovah had no attributes that he could love.

He attacked the creed of New England,—a creed that had within it the ferocity of Knox, the

malice of Calvin, the cruelty of Jonathan Edwards; a religion that had a monster for a God; a religion whose dogmas would have shocked cannibals feasting upon babes.

HORACE SEAVYER followed the light of his brain, — the impulse of his heart.

He was attacked, but he answered the insulter with a smile; and even he who coined malignant lies was treated as a friend misled. He did not ask God to forgive his enemies; he forgave them himself.

He was sincere. Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. It reflects the honest thought. It is the foundation of character, and without it there is no moral grandeur.

Sacred are the lips from which have issued only truth. Over all wealth, above all station, above the noble, the robed, and the crowned, rises the sincere man.

Happy is the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor veneers! Blessed is he who wears no mask!

The man who lies before us wrapped in perfect peace practised no art to hide or half conceal his thought. He did not write or speak the double words that might be useful in retreat.

He gave a truthful transcript of his mind, and sought to make his meaning clear as light.

To use his own words, he had "the courage which impels a man to do his duty, — to hold fast his integrity, — to maintain a conscience void of offence, at every hazard and at every sacrifice, in defiance of the world."

He lived to his ideal. He sought the approbation of himself. He did not build his character upon the opinions of others, and it was out of the very depths of his nature that he asked the profound question: —

"What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation and fear their censure more than our own?"

HORACE SEEVER was a good and loyal citizen of the natural republic, a believer in intellectual hospitality, one who knew that bigotry is born of ignorance and fear, the provincialisms of the brain. He did not belong to the tribe, or to the nation, but to the human race. His sympathy was wide as want, and, like the sky, bent above the suffering world.

This man had that superb thing which we call moral courage, — courage in its highest form. He knew that his thoughts were not the thoughts of

others, that he was with the few, and that where one would take his side, thousands would be his eager foes. He knew that wealth would scorn, and cultured ignorance deride, and that all believers in the creeds, buttressed by law and custom, would hurl the missiles of revenge and hate. He knew that lies, like snakes, would fill the pathway of his life; and yet he told his honest thought, told it without hatred and without contempt, told it as it really was. And so, through all his days, his heart was sound and stainless to the core.

When he enlisted in the army whose banner is light, the honest investigator was looked upon as lost and curst, and even Christian criminals held him in contempt. The believing embezzler, the Orthodox wife-beater, — even the murderer, — lifted his bloody hands and thanked God that on his soul there was no stain of unbelief!

In nearly every State of our Republic the man who denies the absurdities and impossibilities lying at the foundation of what is called Orthodox religion was denied his civil rights. He was not canopied by the ægis of the law. He stood beyond the reach of sympathy. He was not allowed to testify against the invader of his home, the

seeker for his life. His lips were closed. He was declared dishonorable because he was honest. His unbelief made him a social leper, a pariah, an outcast. He was the victim of religious hate and scorn. Arrayed against him were all the forces and all the hypocrisies of society.

All mistakes and lies were his enemies. Even the Theist was denounced as a disturber of the peace because he told his thoughts in kind and candid words. He was called a blasphemer because he sought to rescue the reputation of his God from the slanders of Orthodox priests.

Such was the bigotry of the time that natural love was lost. The unbelieving son was hated by his pious sire, and even the mother's heart by her creed turned into stone.

HORACE SEEVER pursued his way. He worked and wrought as best he could, in solitude and want. He knew the day would come. He lived to be rewarded for his toil,—to see most of the laws repealed that had made outcasts of the noblest, the wisest, and the best. He lived to see the foremost preachers of the world attack the sacred creeds. He lived to see the sciences released from superstition's clutch. He lived to see the Orthodox theologian take his place with the

professor of the black art, the fortune-teller, and astrologer. He lived to see the best and greatest of the world accept his thought,—to see the theologian displaced by the great and true priests of Nature,—by Humboldt and Darwin, by Huxley and Haeckel.

Within the narrow compass of his life the world was changed. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph, made all nations neighbors. Countless inventions have made the luxuries of the past the necessities of to-day. Life has been enriched and man ennobled. The geologist has read the records of frost and flame, of wind and rain; the astronomer has told the story of the stars, the biologist has sought the germ of life,—and in every department of knowledge the torch of science sheds its sacred light. The ancient creeds have grown absurd; the miracles are small and mean; the inspired book is filled with fables told to please a childish world, and the dogma of eternal pain now shocks the heart and brain.

He lived to see a monument unveiled to Bruno in the city of Rome,—to Giordano Bruno,—that great man who two hundred and eighty-nine years ago suffered death by fire for having proclaimed the truths that since have filled the world with

joy. He lived to see the victim of the church a victor,—lived to see his memory honored by a nation freed from Papal chains.

He worked knowing what the end must be,—expecting little while he lived,—but he knew that every fact in the wide universe was on his side. He knew that truth can wait,—and so he worked patient as eternity.

He had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child.

HORACE SEEVER was a man of common sense. By that I mean one who knows the law of average. He denied the Bible, not on account of what has been discovered in astronomy or the length of time it took to form the delta of the Nile, but he compared the things he found in the inspired book with what he knew.

He knew that antiquity added nothing to probability,—that lapse of time can never take the place of cause, and that the dust can never gather thick enough upon mistakes to make them equal with the truth. He knew that the old, by no possibility, could have been more wonderful than the new, and that the present is a perpetual torch by which we know the past.

To him all miracles were mistakes, whose parents were cunning and credulity.

He knew that miracles were not, because they are not.

He believed in the sublime, unbroken, and eternal march of causes and effects, — denying the chaos of chance and the caprice of power.

He tested the past by the now, and judged of all the men and races of the world by those he knew.

He believed in religion of free thought and good deed, — of character, of sincerity, of honest endeavor, of cheerful hope, of sympathy, — and, above all, in the religion of love and liberty, — in a religion for every day, for the world in which we live, for the present; the religion of roof and raiment, of food, of intelligence, of intellectual hospitality, — the religion that gives health and happiness, freedom and content, — in the religion of work, and in the ceremonies of honest labor. He lived for this world; if there be another he will live for that.

He did what he could for the destruction of Fear — the destruction of the imaginary monster who rewards the few in heaven — the monster who tortures the many in perdition.

He was the friend of all the world, and sought to civilize the human race.

For more than fifty years he labored to free the bodies and souls of men, and many thousands have read his words with joy. He sought the suffering and oppressed. He sat by those in pain, and his hand was laid in pity on the brow of death.

He asked only to be treated as he treated others. He asked for only what he earned, and he had the manhood to cheerfully accept the consequences of his actions. He expected no reward for the goodness of another.

But he has lived his life. We should shed no tears except the tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long.

In Nature's course his time had come. The four seasons were complete in him. The spring could never come again. He had taken life's seven steps. The measure of his years was full.

When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death: —

Let me not live after my flame lacks oil,
To be the snuff of younger spirits.

When the old oak is visited in vain by spring,
when light and rain no longer thrill, it is not well

to stand leafless, desolate, and alone. It is better far to fall where Nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine.

How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools — this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never pressed! How little of this life we know — this straggling way of light 'twixt gloom and gloom, this strip of land by verdure clad between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled with love and pain, this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death!

We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust and the "knot intrinseate" forever falls apart.

But this we know: A noble life enriches all the world.

HORACE SEEVER lived for others. He accepted toil and hope deferred. Poverty was his portion. Like Socrates, he did not seek to adorn his body, but rather his soul with the jewels of charity, modesty, courage, and, above all, with a love of liberty.

Farewell, O brave and modest man!

Your lips, between which truth burst into blossom, are forever closed. Your loving heart has ceased to beat. Your busy brain is still, and from your hand has dropped the sacred torch.

Your noble, self-denying life has honored us, and we will honor you!

You were my friend, and I was yours. Above your silent clay, I pay this tribute to your worth.

Farewell!

At the conclusion of the eulogy the quartette sang,

"I am Wandering Down Life's Shady Path."

After the singing those present were given an opportunity to take a final look at the face of MR. SEAVER. Hundreds availed themselves of this privilege. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Wyzeman Marshall, James Parton, Geo. N. Hill, C. P. Somerby, John A. O'Malley, Russell Marston, and Ernest Mendum.

The hearse and line of carriages moved to Forest Hills Cemetery, where he was laid at rest at his mother's side. As the funeral procession reached Forest Hills, it was joined by Colonel Ingersoll's carriage. Friends gathered with uncovered heads, and the casket was lowered into the grave amid a deep silence. Colonel Ingersoll stood beneath a young maple-tree, looking with sorrowful interest at the resting-place of his friend. Those present evidently expected a few words, but a feeling "good-by" was all that could be heard. The Colonel was too deeply affected to say more, and as the workmen levelled off the grave, and loving hands laid the flowers upon it, Colonel Ingersoll and the assembled friends turned silently and sally away.

Resolutions.

Resolutions.

At a meeting of the Chicago Secular Union, Professor Milleson, Chairman, the following resolutions, offered by one of our members, were read by Mrs. M. A. Freeman, and adopted unanimously:—

Whereas, the grand army of Free Thought on our Continent has recently sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Horace Seaver, the veteran editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, who for more than half a century has been the leader of a dauntless host of men and women enlisted in the ennobling cause of human rights;

And *whereas*, Horace Seaver, as a man, has always commanded the respect of his associates and fellow-men, and has ever been deserving at the hands of all Freethinkers, of the highest honor for his unselfish devotion to the principles of mental freedom;

Resolved, That we, members of the Chicago Secular Union, with the deepest emotions of sorrow, deplore the loss of this great and good man;

Resolved, That we hereby extend our fullest measure of sympathy to Josiah P. Mendum, his surviving partner and co-worker in a long and well-fought battle for the rights of man :

Resolved, That we express our approbation of the course of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, in opposing all forms of slavery, and in attacking ecclesiastical wrongs and abuses. May it live to see truth triumphant, and man free, the world over.

Yours, &c.,

AUGUSTA A. HOLMES,
Secretary C. S. U.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Ingersoll Secular Society:—

Whereas, The Ingersoll Secular Society has met with an irreparable loss in the death of our aged friend and Brother, Horace Seaver ;

Resolved, That while we bow to the inevitable, we deeply lament his loss, not only to our Society, but to the world ;

Resolved, That we hereby express our respect and esteem for our late President, whose kindly presence we shall miss, and whose wise words we shall hear no more ;

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be entered upon the records of our Society, and that a copy be sent to THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, and the Paine Memorial Corporation.

Horace Seaver's Work.

Horace Seaver's Work.

The distinguishing characteristic of HORACE SEAVER was devotion to his work. Other men have written with brighter and stronger pens against the religious crimes of the past and the religious follies of the present; no man has written with more earnest purpose or with greater fidelity to principle than he. The stupendous labor of this man against the Church as an enemy of human liberty, as the representative of false ideas, can never be measured; but we can realize somewhat his mighty work when we remember that for over fifty years he dealt his sturdy blows against what he believed to be wrong, and for what he believed to be right.

In all ages the test of moral courage has been to speak one's honest thoughts, and especially one's thoughts upon religious subjects. HORACE SEAVER was never ashamed of his convictions, and never afraid to utter them. He lost friends

that were not worth keeping, and won friends worth having, by his fearless course. He illustrated by a long life of brave speaking that a man gains most by being true and honest.

It is sometimes said of a man that Nature intended him for a minister or a lawyer; but, however this may be, it is a very difficult matter for a person to decide just what he is intended for. The first choice that a young man makes of a trade or occupation may not always be the best for himself, nor the one which he is best adapted for. It is a fact that a great many men have achieved distinction in a direction contrary to their tastes and desires. After all, it matters less where we work than how we work. Genius finds the sky, and dullness finds the ground, no matter if the one is born in a palace and the other in a hovel.

It may be true that HORACE SEAVER would have been famous as an actor, had he adopted the stage as a profession, to which he was early inclined, as he has confessed; or as a minister, had he studied theology and entered the pulpit as his parents wished, for he possessed talents that would have adorned almost any walk or calling. But he always counted it fortunate

that he became a printer; and once, in speaking on this subject, he said: "To be a printer is greater than to be a soldier, or an actor, and much greater than to be a minister." It seems as though his life-work was determined for him. Certain it is that had he entered any other printing-office than that of the INVESTIGATOR, the incidents that fixed his career would have been unknown to him, or he would have been so situated as not to be influenced by them. It was the step into an Infidel printing-office that settled the part that HORACE SEAVER was to play upon the stage of life. Had he applied for work in a Christian office, he might have become a good printer,—he might even have become a great and good man outside of the charmed circle of Orthodoxy, wherein all the human virtues are supposed to dwell; but he would not have occupied that difficult, but noble, post which his life has adorned, and with which his name is identified.

To say that the atmosphere of the INVESTIGATOR office was not wholly uncongenial to his nature would be true, although he had not then attained that freedom from superstition that allowed him to accept all the sentiments that he put into type. The soil, however, was nearer ready than

he imagined, and the seeds of mental freedom, that were destined to bear such a magnificent harvest, fell upon ground that needed but little preparation.

Perhaps the one incident that hastened to fruition the growing sentiments in the mind of HORACE SEAVER was the conviction of Abner Kneeland for blasphemy.

Justice was a part of this man's nature, and he rejected the Christian scheme largely on account of the inherent injustice in the logic of its dogmas. He wanted the right, the true, the just, to prevail, and the work of his pen and voice was always in behalf of justice to man.

When Mr. Kneeland was sent to jail for expressing his honest dissent from the Universalist idea of God, the last cord of sympathy that bound him to Christianity was broken. That the public avowal of one's opinions upon religious matters was a crime punishable with imprisonment shocked all his notions of equity. HORACE SEAVER was, from the hour that Abner Kneeland passed through the door of the jail, an avowed enemy of the Christianity which inspired the persecution of this good man. Referring to this time in a recent address delivered in Paine Hall, MR. SEAVER said:—

"I was in the office when Mr. Kneeland was sent to prison, and I remember one day going to the jail to visit him, and looking at him through the prison bars, I said to him, 'Mr. Kneeland, I can now understand what Thomas Jefferson meant when he said, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man!"' Mr. Kneeland said, 'My young friend, always swear by that motto.' I have always tried to."

When MR. SEAVER returned from that visit he knew what his work was to be. He at once assumed the editorial management of the INVESTIGATOR, and commenced that famous battle for "universal mental liberty" and the rights of man which ended only when he was conquered by death. The keynote of his life-work is found in these words of his: —

"One of the most important rights which human beings possess abstractly, and which ought to be guaranteed to them by the society of which they are members, is the right to express opinions, without fear or molestation. That men ought to possess this right, not only as a matter of abstract justice, but as a matter of political expediency, is a proposition that carries its own evidence along with it. The right to think freely upon all subjects belongs to us naturally, and no government can deprive us of it."

HORACE SEAVER defended this right with all the native force of his intellect, and with a tenacity that is certain to win respect, if not victory.

We do not claim that no other man could have done the work which MR. SEAVER did. We only claim for him the credit of what he did. He championed an unpopular cause; he sided with the wronged and oppressed, with only one thought to prompt his act,—that he was doing right.

This is a high motive for human action. We to-day enjoy comparative freedom. It is easy now to speak the truth,—easier than it was fifty years ago. We are eating fruit from the tree that HORACE SEAVER, and other men like him, set out half a century ago and which they watched with jealous care. It is not the brilliant effort, but the patient labor, that has erected human monuments. It is not the lightning's flash, but the constant radiance of the sun, that lights the earth. It is not the daring act of a moment, but the courageousness of a lifetime, that overcomes the obstacles in the path of progress.

We may not be able to point to any particular act of HORACE SEAVER, or pick out any work of his pen, that shines with that splendor that attracts the eye, but we can do something far better:

we can point to a long life of hard and noble toil for the improvement of his fellow-man. HORACE SEAVER worked every day, and every day worked with an object. This may not be genius, but it is greatness. Such work may not make much noise, but it makes life sweeter and the world better.

Few men have gone to their rest who have performed their part with more honor to themselves and to their race, than this man, who said, when near the end of his life journey, "Work has never been a burden to me, but always a pleasure."

L. K. W.

A TRIBUTE TO HORACE SEAVER.

To die! 'tis but to rest,
To leave a record of a well-spent life,
In aid of the opprest.
Add to this a halo of undying fame,
A glorious life, a great immortal name,
Indeed, is to be blest.

This has been thy lot;
Well hast thou served our cause,
No selfish aim or thought
Was ever held long time enough to trace
A line of envious sordidness
Upon thy noble face.

One tear, and then we part,
Each to the station that claims us for the day!
One sigh that wells up from the heart!
Farewell, benevolent teacher, thy goal is won:
Well hast thou earned a sweet and dreamless rest,
Posterity bless thee for the good thou'st done!

HUGH C. ROBERTSON.

HORACE SEAVER—

"GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND."

HORACE SEAVER, no deceiver,
A man direct in all his ways:
Strong of stature, true to Nature,
Fills he the measure of his days.
In his history there's no mystery —
No myth or fetiche he adored;
He, a true man, loved each human.
And superstition's shame deplored.

HORACE SEAVER, high believer
In every sentiment sublime:
Iconoclastic to the plastic
Mud-balls by the river Time.
Valiant hater of the traitor —
Dogmas that were built to blind.
Undismayed "INVESTIGATOR,"
Faithful to the rights of mind.

HORACE SEAVER, with the lever
Of the potent printing press,
Man has lifted, truth has sifted,
And found the liars weighing less
Than the ashes which wind dashes,
Or the dust from thresher's floor,
Bore in vanguard Freedom's standard
When priestlings mocked at temple's door.

HORACE SEAVER, rich receiver
Of votive homage of the just:
His to show forth how to go forth,
By owning Right the only *must*.
Such endeavor wins whatever
Estate may be of future bliss
Other worlds in; his bettered brother
Attests he filled his place in this.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Tributes from the Press.

Tributes from the Press.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING RECORD.

Regular patrons of the Egleston Square cars used to watch, some months ago, for a dignified old gentleman, who regularly boarded the car a few streets below Dover, and always at the same time,—near 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He would always be found patiently waiting, for the cars are few and far between on that line, and his long white hair as it fell upon his shoulders made an interesting picture. The drivers used to watch for him, too, and omitted their customary glare as they stopped just where it would be most convenient for the old gentleman to get aboard. Slowly, almost painfully, he stepped up, and if the car was crowded, as it usually was, he would quietly stand on the rear platform until some one gave him a seat. More than once have I seen well-dressed ladies surrender a seat to him; and once a man who was lame and wore a G. A. R. badge stood, that the feeble old body might have a comfortable place to rest. Quietly he would accept these courtesies, and then sit without seeming to see or notice anybody until the car had just passed Dale Street, when he would slowly step off, and enter an old-fashioned house almost hidden by an immense hedge.

Every day he was seen on his homeward trip, and every day the journey seemed harder for him, and the weight of four-score years seemed almost too much for his feeble body. One

day we missed him, and the next he did not come, and for months the familiar face has not been seen.

Yesterday there was crape on the door of the old-fashioned house beyond the high hedge, and they told us that HORACE SEAVER, the Editor of the INVESTIGATOR, was dead.

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD.

There was so much sterling goodness of mind and heart in this eminent and self-made Freethinker, and his opinions have been so honestly and fearlessly expressed for the last fifty years, that he has commanded the respect of even those who differed from him. He always hit square from the shoulder, and you always knew where to find him. What was weak in the forms of Christianity with which he was most familiar, he did not hesitate to expose, and it was easy to see why, as a very pronounced individualist, taking a not uncommon view of a certain type of Christianity as a representative of the Christian religion, he was led to glory in being an "Infidel." He belonged to a group of men who, fifty years ago or less, were come-outers from Orthodox Christianity, and felt that they had reason to justify their action. Among them were Garrison, Phillips, Parker, and Pillsbury. These men were reformers in politics and in religion, and had great influence during the "reform era" in New England life. Society is changed to-day from what it was when these men held forth most successfully; but forty or fifty years ago the services to society at large which these men rendered cannot be too highly appreciated, and among them Mr. SEAVER held a high and honorable place.

FROM THE BOSTON ADVERTISER.

MR. HORACE SEAYER, of the INVESTIGATOR, whose funeral occurs to-morrow at Paine Memorial Hall, was born and received his education in this city. His connection with the Agnostic movement, of which the INVESTIGATOR is a leading exponent, began over fifty years ago, and he has been connected with that paper as its editor for the past half century. It is not now so generally known, however, that MR. SEAYER was at one time a leader in the labor agitation of 1840-1850. He was a strong advocate of the "ten hours' movement," and helped the agitation by every means in his power. Again, in the Free Soil discussions, preceding the war, he was one of the strongest friends of the abolitionists. At a public meeting of the Free Soil party, MR. SEAYER was called upon to speak. Few who heard that address forgot it afterwards, and Mr. J. P. Haile, who presided, came over and shook his hand, saying: "Young man, if you enter politics, I will guarantee that you will be elected to Congress in the course of time." Among the last letters written to MR. SEAYER was the following, written on the announcement that his recovery was despaired of:

"FRIEND SEAYER:—

"We are thinking about you all the time. We know that you have done a great work, and that in the course of Nature you have reached the twilight hour. We know this, and yet we want to hold you back and keep you with us for many years. But, after all, it makes but little difference. We join you in a little while. Only a moment lies between the lives of men. You have sowed good seed. Others will reap, and bless you for your noble work.

R. G. INGERSOLL."

FROM THE BOSTON GLOBE.

In the death of HORACE SEAYER, the champion of Free Thought in this city for the past fifty years, a figure passes out which is of equal interest to those who agree with his views and those who do not.

The deceased editor of the Boston INVESTIGATOR is a landmark measuring the progress of New England toleration for half a century. Like not a few others who started out with the intention of following the ministry, MR. SEAYER was led to turn down the opposite road through an event in this city which to-day would be regarded as a most flagrant act of intolerance.

This event was none other than the prosecution, conviction, and sentence to jail, in 1838, of Abner Kneeland, formerly a Universalist preacher, on the charge of blasphemy. The ardent and warm-hearted SEAYER was so moved by this act of religious persecution that, having visited Kneeland in prison, he came out with tears in his eyes, and was henceforth a pronounced Infidel. When Colonel Ingersoll warms up in his recital of these events next Sunday, in pronouncing MR. SEAYER's eulogy, one of his most impassioned efforts may be looked for.

It seems almost like a dream to look back fifty years in the history of New England toleration. The times that locked Abner Kneeland in a felon's cell for preaching Pantheism will never return again in this country. Toleration of all religious beliefs is now an established fact. The cardinal teachings of Christianity remain and will never be shaken; but men may interpret them, each in his own way, and with perfect civil liberty as to the expression of his views.

FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Banner joins its voice with the many now being raised in appreciation of the life-work of that veteran apostle of Free Thought, the late HORACE SEAYER, a brief account of whose life and report of whose obsequies will be found on the first and fifth pages of the present issue.

MR. SEAYER was our life-long friend; we have for years admired his unflinching attitude regarding the theologic creeds which New England has so persistently buttressed with forms of law, and sentinelled with the shibboleths of social custom.

MR. SEAYER rose from the printer's case to the editorial chair, and left a noble record in whatsoever department of life he devoted his energies.

Although he held the views of a non-immortalist, he was nevertheless open to consider all things pertaining to human welfare; and has frequently in public and private taken the broadest views along humanitarian lines; glimpses of his inner nature have long led us to feel that within his heart of hearts he was a conscientious Agnostic concerning, not a bald *denier* of, the possibility of a continuous, conscious existence for the fellow-men whom he so much loved and strove to benefit while in mortal life.

MR. SEAYER was a close reader of *The Banner of Light*, Mr. Mendum, the publisher of the *INVESTIGATOR*, (himself an old personal friend of ours,) once stating to us that when a number of *The Banner* was missing MR. SEAYER seemed disappointed, as it was invariably perused by him on the Sabbath, as a sort of "Sunday Bible."

FROM THE PEABODY REPORTER.

HORACE SEAVER, editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, died at his home on the 21st of August, 1889. He was born August 25th, 1810. His funeral occurred last Sunday at Paine Memorial Hall, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a life-long friend of his, pronouncing the eulogy.

For the last half century the late HORACE SEAVER has been a prominent figure. Like many other Liberal thinkers, he started out in life to follow the ministry, and undoubtedly would have continued longer, had it not been for the conviction and sentence to jail in 1838 of the Rev. Abner Kneeland, formerly a Universalist preacher, on the charge of blasphemy.

Not a blemish can be found in the life of the late Editor SEAVER. He was upright, honest, moral, truthful, and charitable. He was ever more considerate for the feelings of his religious opponents than they were of his.

He saw good in everything, and respected all good. No man living was more tolerant of the views of others than was the late MR. SEAVER; but he had expressed a doubt of the hereafter, and the Christian churches showed less forbearance for his views than he did for theirs.

He wished for that happiness in a life after death as earnestly as any one; his desire to meet the loved ones gone before was as strong; he was anxious and always seeking after proof of that glorious immortality, but the shadow of death came to him before the revelation that must have come to him now, if ever.

If he was not ready to accept as much by faith, if the

word "hope" had a different meaning to him, he was not alone; for there are millions standing upon the platform from which he has just stepped.

If accepting the Golden Rule, if following the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, if a belief in the moral law, makes a Christian, the late HORACE SEAYER was a Christian in the full sense of the word. If he had not the faith and the hope of the Protestant and the Catholic, he had what is greater than these — he had charity.

FROM THE TRUTH SEEKER, (N. Y.).

It is with feelings of the profoundest regret that we announce to our readers the death of HORACE SEAYER. He died just before noon, on the 21st inst., at his residence, No. 2727 Washington Street, Boston. He had been troubled with an affection of the heart for a long time, and for some six months past had been confined to the house. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy.

What are the feelings that must be touched, and the avenues of reflection that must be opened, by this death, our readers feel and know as well as we. Of the value of a life like that of MR. SEAYER, no thoughtful man needs to be told. In a world where most seem little more than boys, than unreasoning automatons, to be manipulated by false-hearted schemers, while by their incapacity all have to suffer — in this world MR. SEAYER was a man with the gift of reason, to see under appearances, penetrate shams, pierce to the inner truth of things with the subtle power of logic, and publish to his fellows in what quarter their interests lie.

In a world where moral cowardice and base spiritless disloyalty to truth envelope and well-nigh extinguish all, Mr. SEEVER was a man with firm and intrepid determination to speak out his truth, in total disregard of all the sneers and scoffs and disrespect that could issue from angered ignorance and detected fraud. He was veracious, he was frank, he was benevolent, he was courteous, he was gentle. He was an honor to our cause, he was an ornament to his generation, he was one of those few for whose goodness we learn to forgive the shortcomings of the rest of mankind, and love it after all. To say now what would have rendered superfluous all the preceding, — he was a friend of Robert G. Ingersoll. Let him have honor and gratitude and remembrance, — and let all try to be like him.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

It was, no doubt, too much to say of Mr. HORACE SEEVER, who died yesterday, that "he had Liberalized a continent" (as had been said of him), because, in the broad sense, the Liberalization of the continent was as much the result of other forces as Mr. SEEVER himself was; but it is perfectly certain that his fifty years of constant and intelligent work in a single channel must have borne much fruit. His editorship of THE INVESTIGATOR was a story which had two chapters, the one much unlike the other. The first was a record of resistance and struggle, in which the prison doors which had closed behind Abner Kneeland, the paper's first editor, may be said to have haunted the vision of its editor. Its second epoch was one in which the paper's existence came to be almost overlooked in the tumult of a Free Thinking generation. Mr. SEEVER's life

was, like that of many other Freethinkers, a proof that the predominance of a master-idea, a strong conviction in the mind, has an effect at once elevating and steadying upon the character; and that it seems to make not much difference in the result upon conduct whether this conviction is of the positive or the negative sort. For fifty years he worked side by side with his venerable associate on *THE INVESTIGATOR*, Mr. Mendum; and throughout that time, it is said, there had never been the slightest break in the pleasantness of the relations between the two men. MR. SEAVER'S career saw the end of the church militant, and the establishment of systems of thought upon the basis of thought; and toward the accomplishment of such a result few men or women of the present epoch have contributed more largely than he.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, IN PORTLAND OREGONIAN.

HORACE SEAVER, of Boston, whose death occurred yesterday, was in some respects a remarkable man. Your dispatch says that he was 70 years old. He was nearly eighty. For more than fifty years he was editor of *THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR*, of which Abner Kneeland was the first editor, and during all this time not a number of the paper appeared without editorials from Mr. SEAVER'S pen. He was a printer by trade, and took great pride in his craft, and until the last few years he put most of his editorials in type without writing a word of them.

His style had a natural dignity and a Ben. Franklin sort of simplicity. He was an admirer of Shakespeare, and quoted often from him in writing and speaking. MR. SEAVER was an

eloquent and effective speaker, and had he cultivated his oratorical and dramatical talents, and exercised them in some popular field, they would doubtless have gained for him a reputation. The most touching funeral address I ever heard was one in which MR. SEAYER, over the dead body of a friend, paid a tribute to his memory. He never tired of dwelling on the great efforts of Webster and Phillips. The latter he thought the most polished and perfect orator of modern times.

MR. SEAYER was a man of simple habits and unostentatious life. His naturally generous and charitable disposition made him ever ready to overlook the mistakes and infirmities of his fellow-men.

MR. SEAYER's philosophy was that of "common sense;" and he cared little for idealistic theories or metaphysical speculations. "One world at a time"—an expression which Colonel Ingersoll and others have made familiar to the public the last few years—was MR. SEAYER's motto half a century ago, and he never changed it. During all these years THE INVESTIGATOR advocated unsectarian schools, the removal of disabilities on account of religious belief, the taxation of church property, and the complete secularization of the State. It spoke out boldly for many of the reforms that have triumphed, and for others that have passed through the period of execration, when it required rare moral courage to give them support. Even those who may think they have reason to regret MR. SEAYER's opposition to Christian beliefs and authorities cannot withhold admiration of his character, loyalty to his convictions, and brave defence of many a struggling reform.

H. L. GREEN, IN THE BUFFALO (N. Y.) COURIER.

The telegraph informs me that HORACE SEAYER, the editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, is dead. It is probable that not many of your readers know who HORACE SEAYER was; but to those of them who are known as Freethinkers the information will be received with sadness, for next to Col. Ingersoll he was without doubt the most distinguished Freethinker in America. And at his death he was, I think, the oldest editor in this country. He had edited THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR for over 50 years. It was announced in that paper last week that that issue was the only one that had appeared for the last 50 years that did not contain an editorial from MR. SEAYER'S pen. A few weeks ago I wrote for the *Freethinker's Magazine* of this city a biographical sketch of HORACE SEAYER. I am sure it would gratify many of his friends and admirers in Western New York if you would give it place in your columns.

FROM THE MARLBORO' (MASS.) TIMES.

The grandest piece of elegiac eloquence and threnetic oratory we ever heard, or remember to have read, was the eulogy pronounced by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll over the dead body of his and humanity's friend, HORACE SEAYER, the editor of the INVESTIGATOR and one of the best-known Infidels in the world, at Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, last Sunday afternoon. No abstract we could make of the finished work would do any sort of justice to it, and nothing we could say of HORACE SEAYER would even faintly express the high estimation in which we held that scholar, hero, and philanthropist; but next week we will give Col. Ingersoll's oration in full, and we beg leave to bespeak its careful perusal.

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FROM THE LA SALLE (ILL.) REPUBLICAN.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR of August 28th contained the obituary of its venerable editor, HORACE SEAYER, who died on the 21st, in his 79th year. MR. SEAYER was well known, by reputation, to millions of his countrymen, as well as to many in other lands; but such was his retiring nature, and so seldom did he venture away from home, that the number who were *personally* acquainted with him was limited to a comparatively small circle, embracing, however, many of the brightest and best men of his time, — such as Emerson, Garrison, Greeley, Sumner, Parker, Phillips, and others of like school, — and in all the qualities that make men great he was their peer. All good men and women who ever had the pleasure of his acquaintance, among all classes whose friendship was worth having, were his steadfast friends.

The writer spent one year of his apprenticeship in the office of the INVESTIGATOR when MR. SEAYER was in his prime, a dozen or fifteen years after he became the editor. The office was then in the loft of a dingy old building at No. 35 Washington Street, — if our memory is correct, — not far from Cornhill. The paper and its conductors, as well as the cause they were engaged in, were not popular at that time: it was a deadly warfare of the forces of truth and reason against the cohorts of error and superstition in league with church and State and in possession of all the strongholds and positions of advantage, and it was a great struggle on the part of the proprietor, MR. J. P. Mendum, the worthy and noble co-laborer with MR. SEAYER, to maintain headway on the gallant INVESTIGATOR. But if the progress made was slow, it was sure, and it is consola-

tory to know that those good men have lived to witness the success and continually increasing strength of the cause to which they devoted their lives.

For years the INVESTIGATOR has been firmly established in one of the most beautiful and substantial edifices in the city of Boston, known as the Paine Memorial Building, and the paper circulates wherever the English language prevails. MR. SEAVER was a printer, and at the time we speak of performed the daily task of a compositor. Now and then some of the friends would call in to chat with him on the cause, among whom were Tyler Parsons, Otis Clapp, James M. Beckett, Parker Pillsbury, and Rev. Walter Balfour, and their conversation was equal to a Liberal education to such as had the pleasure of listening to it.

MR. SEAVER had the habit of setting up in type many of his editorials without even writing a word of them, taking his composing stick and setting column after column "out of his head," so to speak; yet so clear-headed was he that the articles thus composed were among the most comprehensive, solid, terse, and logical contributions to the Liberal literature of the time, and their truths are still thundering and reverberating around the fastnesses of superstition, and will continue to shake up the heathen until the millennium of Universal Mental Liberty reigns over all mankind.

MR. SEAVER was a broad-gauged man of the highest mental calibre. Had he devoted himself to politics he would have achieved a fame equal to that of any of the great statesmen of his native Commonwealth. In battling for the cause he so honestly believed in, he did not indulge in jest or scoff at the blindness of the victims of error; he sought rather to illuminate their minds with the light of reason and truth; he was friendly,

kind, and courteous; in favor of hearing all sides; open to conviction, but irresistible in the force of his arguments, which no man was ever able to withstand. He was philanthropic in the highest degree, and not only willing, but anxious to help along any good cause, no matter if it were conducted even under the auspices of sectarians with whom he did not fraternize: if it was of a progressive and elevating tendency, it had his hearty support. When Father Matthew, the great Irish apostle of temperance, came to Boston, MR. SEAVER was among the foremost in receiving and entertaining him while there. He believed in temperance in all things, but was no prohibitionist, believing not in reforming mankind by statutory enactments.

He was also a stalwart champion of the rights of labor, and his co-operation was often sought in behalf of those struggling under the oppression of money tyrants. We have listened to the great orators of Massachusetts in Faneuil Hall, Everett and Webster, Choate and Phillips; but never did we hear the principles of right and justice and the true gospel of freedom expounded by any one of them with half the ability, clearness, and eloquence that was manifested by HORACE SEAVER in a fifty minutes' speech in that old "Cradle of Liberty," during a strike of one of the labor organizations in Boston.

Doubtless MR. SEAVER had his faults, as all men have, but few have left a clearer record. No man's conduct was ever more thoroughly squared by the Golden Rule than his. He won not renown amidst scenes of carnage on fields of battle, nor in high official station; but the power of his influence upon human destiny, working as silently and unseen as the life-giving principle in Nature, cannot be estimated. It is not too much to say, that the world is as much indebted to HORACE

SEAYER as to any man for the enlargement of the boundaries of political, social, and religious freedom, and for the greater progress and happiness enjoyed by mankind during the last half century. The loss of such a man, though he may have passed the allotted span and finished his work, cannot be contemplated without feelings of profound sadness.

FROM THE PEABODY (MASS.) REPORTER.

HORACE SEAYER, the venerable editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, a few weeks ago allowed, for the first time for more than half a century, the INVESTIGATOR to appear without an editorial from him. He has been in failing health for years. Every reader of the INVESTIGATOR, and every one who is personally acquainted with Mr. SEAYER, will unite in a hearty wish for his speedy return to good health. * * *

Since our reference to the editor of the INVESTIGATOR was put in type, all that was intellect and life in HORACE SEAYER has passed away. He knows now if any one does of the hereafter.

FROM THE BOOMERANG, LARAMIE WYO. TER.

HORACE SEAYER, well known as the editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, is dead. He was a strong Anti-Slavery man, and was a warm friend of Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, and William Lloyd Garrison. At the funeral, Sunday, in Faine Memorial Hall, a eulogy was pronounced by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.

FROM FREE THOUGHT (SAN FRANCISCO).

Last Sunday afternoon, says a brief dispatch in a morning paper, the funeral of HORACE SEAVER, late editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, was held in Paine Memorial Hall. Colonel Ingersoll delivered the eulogy, according to the request of the deceased.

So passes away the oldest Liberal editor, and the editor of the oldest Liberal paper in the world. We cannot say that he has passed to a higher life, because we do not know; but to us it seems there could be no higher life than that which he led as the advocate of religious liberty and the enemy of superstition.

MR. SEAVER left but brief records for the use of his biographers. He did not tell of his troubles, for during the past few years he suffered much more than the readers of his paper were permitted to know. In 1888 a volume of selections from his writings, edited by L. K. Washburn, was published under the title of "Occasional Thoughts." It would seem that this should have included at least a brief sketch of the life of so remarkable a man, but it did not. We know, however, that in early life MR. SEAVER learned the printer's trade, and that when in consequence of religious persecution Mr. Kneeland was obliged to sever his connection with the INVESTIGATOR, MR. SEAVER and his associate, Josiah P. Mendum, assumed control of it, the one as editor and the other as publisher. For more than fifty years thereafter no issue of the INVESTIGATOR appeared that did not contain something from the pen of HORACE SEAVER. In early life, we are told, MR. SEAVER married a lady with whom he lived in unalloyed happiness until her death. He never remarried.

We hope that a full and faithful account of the life and labors of HORACE SEAVER will be written and published. It would be a most instructive and helpful work. He possessed more than ordinary powers either as a writer or an orator. He did not achieve what the world calls great success. He held no high office of position or power. He had a broad and capacious mind, a good memory, the faculty to apply an observation where it would have the most force, a fidelity to facts, an equable temper, a ready pen, and a good address as a public speaker. He was as faithful as the sun, and these qualities won for him from thousands the high esteem and the love which the genius and talent of more brilliant men has failed to gain, though applied to upholding sacred errors and flattering the vanity and ministering to the prejudices of the world. As a lesson and an inspiration, his life is not surpassed by that of any character which this century has produced.

VIEUX TEMPS, IN HAMPSHIRE COUNTY JOURNAL.

The death of HORACE SEAVER, for fifty-one years editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, is a marked event in the history of journalism. The long period for which this man has advocated, almost single-handed, against sneers, cruel misrepresentation and abuse, the Liberal sentiments of his well-known predecessor, Abner Kneeland, has witnessed a tremendous revolution of public sentiment in New England touching theological matters, in which Mr. SEAVER has borne a prominent and honorable part. Of a calm, judicious, and sincere temperament, he has courageously and persistently vindicated, through constant difficulties and discouragements, the inesti-

mable right of free discussion on all disputed questions, without malice or detraction of his theological opponents, and never losing the serenity of his temper. The INVESTIGATOR will be fortunate if it shall find an editorial successor who will display equal wisdom, prudence, and truthfulness.

His death brings to mind my brief acquaintance with Abner Kneeland in 1842-3. He was then residing at Salubria, a precinct of Farmington, Van Buren Co. (Iowa), and frequently visited the main village. His personal appearance was very striking and prepossessing. With snow-white hair, cheeks full and ruddy as those of a boy, and active movement, he did not seem to be past the age of fifty. I had previously known of his experience in Boston, and wished to learn from his own lips some account of it. Space forbids anything like a full recital of what I learned from him. More than fifty years ago he was, as editor of the INVESTIGATOR, prosecuted for blasphemy, and sentenced to imprisonment and fine. The prosecution, strange to say, or now believed, was instigated by some fanatics whose names I cannot recall. The so-called blasphemous words, elicited during an editorial controversy between the INVESTIGATOR and a Universalist journal, were — "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not," evidently meaning that he did not believe in the kind of God that the Universalists did. It is said that the compositor placed a comma before the pronoun "which" that altered the sense of the phrase, and made it appear as a disbelief in any God.

Mr. Kneeland was not an Atheist. He believed in a governing power, but, like a sensible thinker, would not undertake to define it logically or mathematically. He was, even at that early day, an Agnostic, when the term, even, was not

known. He endured his term of imprisonment and paid his fine with perfect equanimity, and, when released, went on in the same course. This outrageous prosecution, so disgraceful to its instigators and the State, is now viewed with wonder, astonishment, and indignation. The abominable enactment under which this conviction was obtained still stands upon the statute books of Massachusetts, — a dead letter to all intents and purposes, but none the less an affront to an enlightened public sentiment.

Mr. Kneeland was not permitted to remain wholly in quiet in his new home. At an election in August, 1842, one of the candidates for election to the Legislature, a personal follower of Mr. Kneeland's, was publicly insulted and driven from the hustings at Farmington; and on the evening of election day, Mr. Kneeland was hanged and burned in effigy by a score of roughs, on the most public thoroughfare. I saw him the next morning, smiling and unruffled in temper. "Why," said he, "these very men, — and I know every one of them, — who are so jealous for God and the Bible, would shoot a man on the slightest provocation, and go ten miles to see a dog-fight." Leaving that part of the West soon after this occurrence, I am unable to say at what time or place Mr. Kneeland died; but I esteem it a fortunate event of my life that I was permitted to know him personally, and be a witness of his unvarying humanity, modesty of conduct, and unassuming beneficence.

FROM SECULAR THOUGHT (TORONTO, CANADA).

It is with feelings of profound regret that we learn of the death of that truly honest and brave man, HORACE SEAVER, at the advanced age of 79. As editor of *THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR*, he displayed an ability and geniality of disposition that few men could equal. He was a veteran in the cause of Free Thought, which, in every sense, he served faithfully and well. In him were concentrated those many qualities which constitute true greatness of character. Sincere in his convictions, steadfast in his pursuits, and noble in his conduct, he won the love of all with whom he came in contact. His benevolent self-sacrificing acts speak with "trumpet-tongue" the goodness of his nature and the purity of his life. He is gone, but the glory of his deeds remains enshrined in the hearts of his many friends, and will serve as a sublime object worthy of the emulation of all who aspire to lives of industry, honor, and unsullied integrity. — "Peace be to his memory."

FROM LUCIFER (KANSAS).

The demise of the venerable editor of *THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR*, noticed elsewhere, was not unexpected. Some weeks ago we were notified of his serious illness, and at the advanced age of 79 it is not at all surprising that his vital forces should fail to rally under the best of medical assistance. Particulars concerning the closing hours of this oldest and perhaps best known of all the Free Thought editors have not yet been received at this office.

FROM HAMPSHIRE (MASS.) COUNTY JOURNAL.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's latest and most touching effort was delivered Sunday, Aug. 25, at the funeral of noble HORACE SEAYER, editor of the INVESTIGATOR. MR. SEAYER visited Abner Kneeland, the first editor of that paper, in prison, when he was sentenced for blasphemy. The alleged blasphemy was uttered in 1837. His imprisonment made SEAYER an Infidel, and all his life he has fought "Orthodox" bigotry and Calvinism with tireless energy. He was a friend of Colonel Ingersoll, and it was fitting that he should preside at the funeral services, and as MR. SEAYER and his paper are widely known all over the country, an added interest will be given to the funeral oration.

FROM CELESTIAL CITY, CAL.

We regret to chronicle the death, which occurred Aug. 24, of HORACE SEAYER, the veteran editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR. Of strict integrity, faithful to friends, manly and independent in all his acts, true to his best ideals of duty, and zealous in all good works, he won the respect and esteem of all who knew his worth. A good man has gone hence, — and "his works shall praise him in the gates."

FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN.

The yet remaining few who fought against slavery in the United States are fast following Phillips and Garrison. HORACE SEAYER, editor of the INVESTIGATOR, died at Boston on Wednesday, Aug. 21, almost eighty years of age. He was an earnest and intelligent anti-slavery enthusiast, and did good service to the country.

MR. H. L. GREEN, IN THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE.

Mr. Green, in the October number, makes some extracts from the volume of Mr. SEAYER's writings, entitled "Occasional Thoughts," and then pays him this fine compliment:—

"MR. SEAYER was no fanatic, no wild extremist; his reason was his guide on every question, and he expressed himself in so plain a manner that a child could easily understand him. He had not been spoiled by something called education. His 'common sense' was as clear as crystal.

"In our opinion, HORACE SEAYER was to the Freethought movement what Horace Greeley was to the anti-slavery movement. He was not a Wendell Phillips or a Robert G. Ingersoll, but he was the great educator of the people, who created a constituency that gave orators their audiences; and, after every thing else has been said in relation to MR. SEAYER, it must be admitted that his great, kind, humane heart, that went out in sympathy to everybody, was his most conspicuous quality. He was 'the Good Samaritan' of Liberalism."

Letters.

Letters.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., August 30, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND MENDEN:—Your note containing the sad and painful news of our friend SEAYER's death was duly received. For some little time previous, from what you had written and what was said in the INVESTIGATOR, I was not entirely unprepared to receive the sad intelligence. But notwithstanding, what a blow when it did come to his friends, and to no one could it come so forcibly as to yourself, who have been, may it be said, a long and life companion and friend. Toiling side by side, heart beating to heart, with one and the same purpose in view, for more than half a century, is certainly a remarkable coincidence; and to be cut off and separated now at so late a day in life cannot be but most keenly and deeply felt in the sympathizing and loving heart!

What a miss! and what a change! Always at his post ready for duty, and how faithfully he performed it! To be with the INVESTIGATOR, with yourself as the adviser and helper, he was in his glory. In all but the name, never could there be two brothers more attached to each other, in all respects, than were you and our dearly loved friend who has passed, it is hoped, into that life where we shall all meet again.

One of the strongest cords that have bound you to the old INVESTIGATOR, for the success of which, and in which you

have so long lived and labored, is broken, and can never be replaced ; but there is a melancholy pleasure for you to know that you had him for so long a time with you, and that you enjoyed his society so much and so well. We are probably the only two persons living who have known him so long and intimately, and to me he always seemed more like a brother than anything else.

You and those connected with the office and paper will miss him more and more, until time, the great healer of all sorrow, shall remove the heavy burden that has crushed the wounded heart.

I received, probably from some one in the office, the *Herald* containing the notice and remarks of his death, also the eulogy by Colonel Ingersoll. The editorial in the *Investigator* was well written, and a good one. I do not know that more could be said.

Please give my kind regards to all connected with the office, and please receive personally my sincere sympathy in this hour of your affliction.

T. PRINCE.

MUSCOTAH, KAN., August 31, 1889.

MY DEAR MENDUM :—I have seen a telegram stating the death of MR. SEAVER. The end must come—has come to him, and will come to us all full soon. Let us try to live up to the lofty example of MR. SEAVER,—absolute devotion to truth, forgetful of all temporary self-interests. Such are the saviors of the world. But it is only a little, a very little, the greatest man can do. Multitudes and centuries come and go,

but progress creeps with a snail's pace along the path of evolution and history. The men of ideas, of conscience, are only here and there, and the masses improve only slightly from age to age. Human institutions advance only as the race advances, little by little, each teacher contributing his mite much as the little marine insects build up the coral reefs from the bottom of the ocean. Boast as we may we are only insects of a higher order, helpless and powerless in the hands of destiny—born, live, and die in the hands of a power as absolute and immovable by any strength of our own as are flies and mosquitos. We strut and imagine we are somewhat. I suppose flies do; and thus each plays his little part on the stage of his life and world,—with death at last to end all, and it comes so speedily with the autumn frost, to fly and to man.

You can hardly supply Mr. SEAVER's place at the head of the INVESTIGATOR. But you must do the best that can be done. You can hardly find the man you need,—constant hard work, ability, special talent, experience, without hope of reward. Where will you look for all these qualifications in one man? But the INVESTIGATOR must go on, and must not be impaired. I am sure you will find a man somewhere, but where I cannot tell. Hoping for your success, I am,

Very truly yours,

A. J. GROVER.

SALEM, OHIO, September 1, 1889.

DEAR FRIEND MENDENHALL:—I wish to say that the death of HORACE SEAVER has wrought upon my feelings to such an extent that my mind has been occupied almost continually with

the presence of this grand man ever since the news of his death reached me. For about thirty years I have been a constant reader of the INVESTIGATOR, and many are the obligations I feel under to him for the light he has given me. I have not the ability to express my high appreciation of him, but as the years have rolled around I have learned to love him with a fervor like that of a son's love for a father. I look upon HORACE SEAVER as one of the greatest men that ever lived, and the tribute to his memory by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, beautiful as it is, does not tell the story equal to his greatness. My sympathies are with you in your great bereavement. With sorrow and sadness, I am, yours truly,

M. L. EDWARDS.

NEW YORK, August 23, 1889.

J. P. MENDUM, Esq.—My Dear Sir:—Your notice that your bosom friend and partner, the editor of the enduring INVESTIGATOR, has passed away, fills us with profound grief. For years we have looked to him as the Father of the Faithful; and now that we cannot see him, and no longer read his weekly messages of loving wisdom and saving common sense, it seems as though we were orphaned indeed. For us, for the large circle thus left bereaved, let the sympathy and mourning be — not for him!—for his years were golden, his seed was sown and ripened. Well had he earned his rest! It is Nature's reward. May there be strong and worthy successors to gather and continue the work into which his noble life has passed.

Yours with sincerest sympathy,

T. B. WAKEMAN.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August 22, 1889.

FRIEND MENDUM:—I received your letter last week stating that MR. SEAVER's condition gave but little hope of his living beyond a few days, and this morning I read with sadness, though not with surprise, a dispatch announcing his death. Knowing how long he and you were associated, how close were your relations, and how deep and strong your friendship for each other, and how great and valuable were his public service, I almost forgot my own personal sorrow in sympathy for you in this great bereavement, and in contemplating the irreparable loss the Liberal cause has suffered in the death of the honored and venerable editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

My acquaintance, correspondence, and intercourse with MR. SEAVER extends through thirty years. I first became acquainted with him in 1857. The last letter I received from him was written at his home last May, I think. But few men knew him better than I, and can appreciate and endorse all that you have said in regard to his unselfish devotion and inestimable services to the cause of Free Thought. Others started and turned back, or faltered by the way; but HORACE SEAVER continued faithful and loyal to his convictions from youth to the end of a long and honorable life. He battled bravely for the truth in "times that tried men's souls," and lived to see in the intellectual and religious condition of to-day the result, in a degree to which his modesty and lack of self-appreciation would never allow him to take credit, of his years of patient and unremitting labors.

Colonel Ingersoll, I see, is to give the funeral address. Even his eloquence can scarce do justice to HORACE SEAVER and his work, though to his work the eloquent orator of Liber-

alism is himself greatly indebted, as we all are. I did not expect when I bid him good-by in his office last April that I should ever see Mr. SEAVER again; but the thought, now that he is dead, that I shall meet him no more, is sad and painful. The influence of his life and work remains, and we who survive him, inspired by his example, must continue the work to which he, through evil and through good report, devoted his entire life. I write from a full heart, but restrain my pen. I can no longer say, as I have so many years, "Regards to Mr. SEAVER," but I send best regards to all who have been associated with him at Paine Memorial, and best wishes for the future of the paper, which, under Mr. SEAVER's management and your own, has done such far-reaching and noble work.

Mrs. Underwood, who joins me in the sentiments expressed, sends best regards and sympathy in your great loss and trouble.

Yours, &c.,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29, 1889.

J. P. MENDUM, Esq., Boston, (Mass.) — Dear Friend: — On seeing to-day the notice of the death of HORACE SEAVER, I was inexpressibly shocked, and felt almost as if one of my own family had died! I, as well as every Freethinker, must feel his loss deeply, and I especially sympathize with you as his almost long-life friend and associate. It had always been my highest wish to be able to visit Boston and shake the hands of both you and him, whom both I consider as dear friends, although we never met personally. Since 1849 (now 40 years) I have read the INVESTIGATOR, and come to look upon both of

you as brothers and kin. While feasting my eyes upon the noble countenance of my friend SEAVER in the INVESTIGATOR, (your likeness I have and treasure in my album), I looked forward with joyous anticipations to an intended visit to Boston, where I proposed and purposed to meet you personally. Alas! it was not to be, and death has rudely torn him away who was a shining light among men! How soon both of us may follow, who can tell?

HORACE SEAVER has lived for mankind's good, — he helped to make men wiser and better, and in life, as in death, was a shining example to all men. Your and our greatest consolation is in the memory of his grand life, and the hope that it has instigated worthy followers. The world is the better for the lives of such men, and we can glory in looking back upon him and such as he whose greatest reward ever was in their own conscience and in the consciousness of being of great value to their fellow-men. May he find worthy successors. May you live long yet to navigate our worthy paper, and may you bear philosophically, as he would have done, the loss of this great and good man.

Of course I realize that none of us are children any more, and that in the course of Nature we both may soon fall into that sleep that knows no waking; but I hope that you may be spared many years of usefulness and activity yet, to instruct and teach men "the way they ought to go." May you have or find a worthy successor in the editorship upon whom the mantle of our departed brother may worthily fall, and may he profit by the example set him so gloriously by our HORACE SEAVER.

Fraternally yours,

A. EISEBERG.

ALBANY, N. Y., August 23, 1889.

DEAR MR. MENDUM:—I am sorry that it will be almost impossible for me to attend the funeral of HORACE SEAVER. I have been trying to make arrangements to get away from Albany for a few days for the past four weeks, and I find that I am no nearer this short vacation now than when I began to expect that I could soon leave all care behind for a brief period.

Although I have only had the pleasure of meeting the veteran Editor of the INVESTIGATOR a few times,—three times in Boston, and every day during the three-days' sessions of the New York State Freethinkers' Convention held here in Albany in September, 1885,—yet his death seems to me like that of one whom I have been well acquainted with from youth. Our interests and struggles in a common cause, no doubt, have awakened the sentiment of friendly sympathy. I always admired his blunt and open honesty of speech and editorials. His great faith in the final triumph of complete Mental Liberty and the eventual destruction of superstition was inspiring. Liberty, toleration, truth, reason, conscience, wisdom, valor, and happiness, were the virtuous sentiments that shone around him.

He was a grand and heroic American. He was the most consistent person I ever knew. After he had weighed all the arguments for and against any principle, and was satisfied that the principle was correct, he always consistently advocated it, no matter where its complete evolution would seem to lead to. For the years that he has toiled, for the work he has done, in helping to propagate Free Thought ideas, in helping to establish among men true manhood, he deserves the gratitude of all

honest and liberty-loving Americans. Although his words were read in other lands than our own, yet he was peculiarly an American. He loved the land of his birth, and ever hoped that it would be the greatest and best nation that ever existed. Such, briefly, was HORACE SEAVER.

J. J. McCABE.

MEDFORD, MASS., August 29, 1889.

DEAR MR. MENDUM:—This morning brings the news of the death of my late excellent friend and beloved brother, HORACE SEAVER. The sad tidings has brought distress and grief to my heart. Allow me to offer to you, dear Sir, my profoundest sympathy in this your bitter sorrow and great loss. To you especially it is an irreparable loss. “We may not see his like again.” The world has lost a champion, a wise, a good, and true man. Some twelve years ago the deceased and I came to an understanding, that which ever of us should outlive the other, the living one should speak to the friends of the departed. When we met last January after his sickness, he playfully said, “I mean to be the last, and have taken out a new lease of life.”

I am truly glad, that the author of “The Gods” is to be with you on Sunday. No more fitting man could be selected among mortals. No more eloquent tongue could pronounce the obsequies of the immortal SEAVER, whose name linked with your own honored name will survive in the ages to come, when harvests of Free Thought will be gathered. If at all able I shall be with you on Sunday.

Yours,

W. D. CORRIE, M.D.

CINCINNATI, O., September 25, 1889.

DEAR MR. MENDUM : — Your kindly note pursued me here by way of Concord, arriving too late for your purpose. It would have given me high satisfaction to add my humble testimony to the rare integrity and worth of our late friend, MR. SEAVER as a man, and of his ability, candor, and fairness as an editor, which post he has so nobly graced for more than half a century without any change of Journal or Proprietor.

Surely such an acquaintance and relationship as has grown up between you as owner and MR. SEAVER as editor of the brave old INVESTIGATOR, in a half-century period, filled with incident and experience of every conceivable character,—from peaceful agitation and discussion of almost every problem pertaining to human growth, unfoldment, and happiness, to the most dreadful clash of arms, “ with confused noise and garments rolled in blood.”—such an acquaintance was not suddenly severed without profound sorrow on your part, such as only loss of nearest and dearest earthly friends could equal.

Companions in arms, you have indeed long been ; and with only the mild arms of truth and argument, appeal and expostulation, the most effective, indeed the only truly effective, weapons in the field of legitimate human controversy.

“ Cannon balls may aid the truth.
But thought 's a weapon stronger.”

You, dear friend, have the satisfaction of knowing that in all the fifty years' warfare waged by you and your noble coadjutor, you never once appealed to any power but free, friendly discussion and argument. On that plane, be assured, you had always a friend and fellow soldier, in

Your sympathizing friend,

PARKER PILLSEURY.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

DEAR MR. MENDUM:—

It is with pain and sadness I come to lay a little flower of friendship and esteem upon the grave of one of earth's noblest men,—HORACE SEAVER. MR. SEAVER was one of the best and wisest men it was ever my fortune to meet. For seventeen years I enjoyed a correspondence with him, uninterrupted, except by illness, and ceasing, at last, with death. He placed the first copy of the INVESTIGATOR in my hands that I had ever seen, and showed me where I belonged in the world of mental freedom. He directed my reading and helped to shape my thought through such authors as Frances Wright, Baron d'Holbach, Paine, Volney, Hume, and others of similar character. To read such books was like the opening of a new world, transcendent with light and loveliness, — a new universe luminous with truth and knowledge, and pulsing with sweet, sentient life. It was a delight to sit at his feet and listen to his words, whether in reminiscence of a past and gone period, tracing the progress of events, forecasting the future of the race when the bonds of superstition should be broken, or in keen denunciation of some sham or hypocrisy. His clear vision, his ability to see the right way through mists of perplexing doubt and clouds of fear was almost marvellous. Careful, conscientious, honest as the sunlight; I never, in all the years of my acquaintance, knew him to knowingly say, or do, a wrong thing. Tender, considerate, gentle and humane, wise and patient under all circumstances, toiling always to bless his fellow-creatures, to lift humanity to a higher plane of living and thinking, his death is a most serious loss to his hosts of friends and to the world at large.

He sorrowed over the faults and frailties of others, grieved because of the bigotry and superstitions of society, and was

untiring in his labor to remove them. He had great charity for the shortcomings of others, and never failed to bestow the word of praise whenever he could consistently do so. His tender heart was moved to pity at the sight of suffering, which he endeavored to remove to the best of his ability. He served humanity with a loyal zeal as royally as a king. The necessities of the destitute and distressed were the prayers that he answered with kind encouragement and substantial aid. Calling upon one occasion on a sick man in indigent circumstances he found a clergyman praying at the bedside. After the minister had taken his departure, Mr. SEAYER approached the couch of pain, and, taking the emaciated hand of the sufferer, he said, "I am not in the habit of praying as is the friend who has just gone out, but here is something that may help to make your troubles a little easier to bear," and a crisp bank-note was pressed into the trembling hand of the suffering sick one. On another occasion, he was walking down a street in Boston one snowy, slippery day. There was an alarm of fire, and the engines came rushing along at full speed. A little child was crossing the street directly in the path of the flying engine. In another instant she would have been killed. Mr. SEAYER saw at a glance the danger, and, at the risk of his own life, rushed to the rescue of the little one. He saved her life, but fell himself, and suffered thereby an injury to his right hand from which he never fully recovered. It was a brave and daring act, for which he felt fully rewarded in the saving of a human life, although he never knew, or sought to know, the name of the child or where she lived.

Such was the beautiful character of the man whose

"—— actions just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

There is a translation from the Persian that is expressive of the goodness, grace, and beauty that seemed to radiate from his life. It runs thus : —

“ A traveller, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay;
‘ This seems but common earth,’ said he, ‘ but how
Delightful! It is full of sweetness now!
Whence is thy fragrance?’ From the clay there grows
A voice — ‘ I have been very near a rose.’ ”

So HORACE SEEVER made better all who came within reach of his influence, and there are nobler men and truer women to-day because he has lived, for his was that rare nature in which was blended the purity and simplicity of childhood and the dignity, wisdom, nobility, and grandeur of true manliness. His work is his noblest monument, and will stand forever unshaken by the blasts of ignorance and superstition. He toiled for all human rights, and among these he bravely recognized the rights of women and children. His clear utterances for the equality of the sexes, not because it might be deemed expedient, but because it is just and right, will ring down the aisles of Time, and, floating back, will bathe his name in floods of light as bright and golden as the stars.

He was modest in his manners, pure and chaste in conversation, guileless and honest as a child, and brave as a warrior in the cause of truth and universal mental liberty. The motto, “ One world at a time,” originated with him, and he nobly lived for the world in which he was born, and as Colonel Ingersoll eloquently said at the funeral obsequies, “ If there is another world, he will live for that.”

Few men possess so many virtues as did our loved and lamented friend, and, if he had faults, they were unrevealed to

even his most intimate companions. His life was a credit and honor to all Liberal sentiment, to the highest civilization of the times which his pen and useful living helped to make, and he died as he lived, — a truthful, honest, respected, and self-respecting man.

The world owes HORACE SEEVER a debt of gratitude for his unflinching fidelity to right in face of great obstacles, much venom and vindictive spite, for his adherence to principle, his devotion to truth, and for his sturdy blows in "breaking the way for future generations."

He has gone, and we mourn his loss: but his memory is as fragrant as flowers, and the example he has left behind will make good men and good women of all who strive to follow it. He has passed into the serene quiet of majestic silence. He has become a memory that brightens and glorifies the past with which he was identified.

So, although the vase be broken
That held the rarest flower,
All the air contains the token
Of its enduring power.

His was a patient, noble life,
By many changes crossed:
Its modest sweetness, free from strife,
Can never more be lost.

Its every day bore jewels bright,
To shine in every age;
Each one hath made, with living light,
An altruistic page.

Such lives bear fruitage rich and fair—
They are not lived in vain;
Tho' oft beset by toil and care,
The world has all the gain.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

HORACE SEAVER AND HIS WORK.

About fifty-five years ago, when I was a school-boy, near the city of New York, I heard one of our teachers say that a paper had been recently started in Boston of a character so abominable that its existence was a disgrace, not to New England merely, but to the human race. It was called *THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR*, he said, and its sole object was to revile everything that good people held sacred. I cannot now recall much that he said of this appalling sheet, but I remember well the look of sorrow that darkened his benevolent face as he spoke of it. He was one of the best men I have ever known, and one of the most devoted of teachers, a graduate of Williams College, and a student of theology. He created in my youthful mind such an abhorrence of the paper that if I had been within reach of a copy, I should have had some apprehension in touching it. As he felt concerning it, many others did at that time, who had been trained to regard religion and virtue as synonymous terms.

After the lapse of twenty years or more, during which I had neither seen nor heard of the paper, being in Boston for the first time I noticed among the piles of folded newspapers at the news-stand of the depot two copies of the self-same terrible *INVESTIGATOR*. I boldly bought one of them, and looked carefully over it for that total depravity which I had been led to expect. I found it filled, for the most part, with bland and innocent speculations concerning the system of the universe, such as would naturally arise in the minds of thoughtful persons, living in quiet places, who had not been able to accept the usual solutions of the great enigma. I looked in vain for anything to justify my old teacher's intense antipathy : no arro-

gance, no disrespect toward people of a different opinion, nothing calculated to lessen in any one the regard which human beings naturally have for whatever is right and becoming. A more kindly and harmless paper I never opened. It was such a sheet as a club of reflective men might maintain as a convenient mental exchange; and such it really was, the subscribers being all members of the same. I remember the entreaties of the editor to his contributors to bear in mind that the INVESTIGATOR'S space was limited, — it would only hold so much, — and they must therefore cut their communications down, so as to give others a chance to be heard.

Perhaps the greatest service which the late editor of the INVESTIGATOR rendered his countrymen was in proving the utter harmlessness of free-thinking, and so preparing the way for a total severance between systems of belief and rules of conduct. The great error which most of us commit in this matter is in attaching such an excessive importance to theories of the universe that people are prevented from uniting together for good purposes who are in the most perfect moral accord. The time, I hope, will come when the universe will be handed over to students and scientists, to be dealt with according to its merits, leaving the rest of mankind free to enjoy existence, and to combine for amelioration of the common lot. I very much admire the remark of a learned gentleman, who said the other day, "If I could ascertain to an absolute certainty whether there is a life after death by stepping across the street. I would not take the trouble to go." He was a wise man.

All over this country we see communities unable to get together on Sundays, and enjoy noble and elevating pleasures in common, and at the common expense, because they cannot

agree concerning the universe. Here in this city where I live, there are fifteen or twenty little struggling societies, each consisting of one or two hundred members, that are obliged to expend the greater part of their moral and pecuniary strength in just keeping alive. If we could but consent to let the universe alone, and concern ourselves with the problem of present human welfare, we could form societies for mutual good cheer on a scale of magnificence, and make the day of rest a sufficient reward for the labors and anxieties of the other six.

We cannot be too grateful to the late MR. SEAVER for the service he rendered us in assisting to break down those artificial barriers, not merely by destroying the beliefs on which they rest, but by showing the futility of all the attempts of man to know the unknowable. I hope the INVESTIGATOR will continue his work with ever-increasing power and efficiency.

JAMES PARTON.

WAMPUM, PA., Aug. 26, 1889.

J. P. MENDUM, — Dear Sir: — We received the sad intelligence of Mr. SEAVER's death this morning.

Not where his actions challenged loud acclaim,
Not with the hope to see a blazoned name,
But with a courage steadfast, he has fought,
That we who follow have a freer thought.
His sense of duty clear, no one could bind;
Strong blows he struck, yet tempered mild and kind.

Yours, &c.,

N.

LE MARSH, IOWA, Aug. 25, 1889.

J. P. MENDUM, Esq., Boston. (Mass.).—Dear Sir:—I was surprised and grieved at the discovery of a statement in a daily paper, the 22d ult., giving a brief account of the death of HORACE SEAVER. The cause he advocated so manfully will realize the loss it has to sustain in his death. The history of Universal Mental Freedom cannot be written and leave *his* name and work out. His sincerity, fairness, and peculiar tact have been a marvel to me for years. His fertile brain was so poised that opposition respectfully gave way. It has been said that Thomas Jefferson was born for the part he acted in our Government. This is no more true than that HORACE SEAVER was a born editor and advocate of justice. His work demonstrates it. When I reflect upon the fact that his active and necessary career is at an end, it sends a pang through my brain. I have thought many times already, Who will fill his place? I have looked from one to another of the noble chieftains in the field doing such valiant work with doubt, and yet I cannot be satisfied that it is impossible to find some one that will successfully carry the work on.

The INVESTIGATOR and the cause have nobly survived the administration of Abner Kneeland, and let us hope it may the death of its recent revered editor. He has fought an honest, generous, noble, mental battle. As the custodian of justice, he has done his duty fearlessly. His life has caused a spontaneous monument of respect and gratitude to spring up in the mind of a host of admirers. His is no single monument, for each individual has builded for himself, and the spire touches the sky of excellence. His pathway has been thorny, and, no doubt, many times he felt that ingratitude was his compensa-

tion. It seems to be human to be unappreciated while life lasts. Could he look back now and understand the estimate placed upon him, his satisfaction would be complete. The flowers along his thorny path that are now springing up from the seed he has sown disclose his value. Their character demonstrates that they are no diurnal, but century plants. Their stability should inspire us with new hope and energy. The foundation of his success has been persistent effort and honest purpose.

Yours,

H. D. BALLARD.

Boston, September 16, 1889.

MR. J. P. MENDUM: — Dear Sir, — I deeply sympathize with you in the loss of your brave and honest partner, HORACE SEAVER.

After working together for fifty years for the advancement of humanity and civilization — hand in hand, the ties of friendship growing nearer and dearer with each day's labor, — and now to be separated, the heart must bleed and become lonely at the loss.

HORACE SEAVER was a genial, earnest, and conscientious man, his heart constantly beating for the welfare of all mankind; never working for the aggrandizement of himself, but for the benefit of others; his way of life was unostentatious, quiet, modest, and reserved; no one questioned his honesty of purpose, his fidelity or integrity, and his great loss falls upon all who knew him with sorrow and grief.

I have enjoyed the friendship of HORACE SEAVER for a quarter of a century, and during that period have passed many

pleasant hours in his society. I keenly feel his loss, but how much deeper must your sorrow be than mine?

I followed him to his final resting-place at Forest Hills, and as we quietly drove through that city of the dead all nature seemed to express a feeling of joy to welcome him back to his mother earth. The green grass with its sweet aroma, the brilliant sunlight reflecting all around, the flickering tree-tops tipped with golden light bowed their leafy branches in token of honor and respect for him who has done so much to earn the title of a brave and honest man.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!”

Respectfully yours,

WYZENAN MARSHALL.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, Aug. 24, 1889.

JOSIAH P. MENDUM, Esq. — Dear Good Sir:—The sad news just broke in on us, and if our little band of Liberals could assist you in this hour of grief we would more than gladly do it. We add our deeply-felt sorrow to yours over the loss of our good, noble, HORACE SEEVER,—“The able brain, noble soul, and good star of Liberals.”

He, however, may be dead, but his writings stand as a grand monument indestructible for all times to come. We mourn with you, dear Sir, and sincerely hope that you, although bereft of more than a friend, will with stout heart

bear the heavy loss. Our sympathy is with you, clean and unselfish.

Grand, noble, good man, farewell! His memory will forever live in our hearts. To you, dear Mr. Mendum, our best wishes for the future.

Most respectfully your friend,

JUL. N. RODENBURG,

*Secretary for our little Band of Liberals
of Prescott, Arizona.*

FLORENCE, MASS., August 23, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. MENDUM:—Yours of the 21st inst., announcing the death of our brother, MR. SEAVER, received yesterday. I do not think any one is adequate to portray the deep and sympathetic feelings which overwhelm you at this time. There was a warmth between you and MR. SEAVER of which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The work of half a century, in which you have been closely united and agreed,—that of one steady aggressive attack upon the popular religion of our day,—is indeed wonderful, and it is doubtful if coming posterity shall ever realize the obligation they are under to yourself and MR. SEAVER for the work done. I have been a witness to your effort, and constant in my wishes for your success, which I think may be regarded as fully accomplished.

I am still in poor health from nervous prostration, which will prevent me being present at MR. SEAVER'S funeral.

Faternally yours,

A. T. LEE.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, Aug. 24, 1889.

FRIEND MENDUM:—We feel it a duty to give a parting word to the dead, and to our beloved brother, HORACE SEAVER, who has passed from life rich with all the fragrance of the beautiful flowers of purity that he has planted during his short day among us, which has made death a flowery way, and life worth living. To the brave and true departed, with tearful eyes we say, farewell!

Truly yours,

J. W. R.

ALBANY, N. Y. August 28, 1889.

FRIEND MENDUM:—The notice of the death and burial of HORACE SEAVER did not reach me until the day after his funeral. What a glorious career was that of this honest and truly great man! For over fifty years he stood, an unfaltering sentinel on the confines of Free Thought, with weapon in hand, battling for the right against the wrong,—for the emancipation of the human intellect from the thralldom of the church—from the superstition of the age, and the traditions of a barbarous antiquity. And what was the weapon he used? The same that was used by Voltaire and Paine: it was the PEN!

When we look back along the vista of the past, while he stood at the rudder of the old INVESTIGATOR, his career was most remarkable. Ever true to his honest convictions as the "needle to the pole," his editorials bristle with gems of profound thought, and convincing and unanswerable argument. If immortality consists in the name one leaves behind him, *his* is a glorious and brilliant immortality, growing in splendor as the ages wear away.

HORACE SEAVER was a benefactor to his race. It seems to me, for the benefit of humanity, such men as HORACE SEAVER never ought to die; or, that they ought to have two lives to live, and know as much at the beginning of the second as they did at the termination of the first. But then, after all, when we have spent a lifetime in battle for the benefit of mankind, almost from the cradle to the grave, and the machine is worn out in doing good for our fellow-creatures, and our sun has set beneath the horizon, death comes as a welcome relief; and there is a fascination in the thought that we shall be laid away to rest forever; that the struggles, perplexities, and disappointments of this mortal life shall cease forever to disturb and molest us in the grave.

A. SCHELL.

SNOWVILLE, VA., August 27, 1889.

J. P. MENDUM, Esq., Boston, Mass:—In the death of HORACE SEAVER, every reader of his beloved INVESTIGATOR will feel that a personal friend has gone, leaving a void that nothing and no one can ever fill. Yet in the midst of our own grief, we each and all recognize that there is one who will feel that deeper sorrow—that only those can feel whose nearest and dearest friend has forever departed, leaving him henceforth as one whose counsellor and staff has been taken from him.

MR. SEAVER and you have been so long looked upon as complement parts of one another, that it now seems almost impossible for us to conceive of the one as gone and the other alone. But there is a sweet consolation for us all in the thought, that there is no shadow or cloud on the record-page of

our brave and good old hero, HORACE SEAVER. His whole life was one of love, humanity, and kindness. The influence of his good words and good works is world-wide and everlasting. Every memory I have of him -- going back nearly forty years -- is pleasant, and we can say this of so few.

I shall not attempt to pen an eulogy upon him, for our brave and good Ingersoll will do this better than any one else can possibly do it. I merely wish to add my testimonial to that of the thousands who will speak for the worth and value of the noble life that has been so well lived. "A good memory is his best monument, a noble life his best epitaph."

ELMINA DRAKE SLENER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 23, 1889.

DEAR MR. MENDUM:— With deep regret and sorrow, I have seen from a newspaper report, that MR. HORACE SEAVER, the editor of THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, is no more among the living. He was doubtless one of the ablest and noblest leaders of the cause of Free Thought in this country, a powerful champion of universal mental liberty.

Whenever I approached him with a communication for publication in the INVESTIGATOR, he always treated me—a German Freethinker and a naturalized American citizen—very kindly and very friendly. In addition to his rich mental gifts, Nature had provided him with a big heart. Peace to his ashes!

The newspaper report referred to, contained in one of the evening papers of this city, of yesterday, reads:—

HORACE SEAVER, editor of the *INVESTIGATOR* for the last fifty-one years, died in Boston yesterday, aged seventy-nine years. MR. SEAVER was widely known as a writer and a lecturer on Free Thought. He was also a strong anti-slavery man, and a close friend of Phillips, Pillsbury, and Garrison. The funeral takes place Sunday from Paine Memorial Hall, and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who was a warm friend of the deceased, will pronounce the eulogy.

Respectfully yours,

J. G. HERTWIG.

DAVENPORT, WASH. TER., Sept. 7, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. MENDUM:—I have just read of the death of our dear hero and friend, MR. HORACE SEAVER. I read also R. G. Ingersoll's tribute to his memory.

A great and good man has passed away. His memory is fresh, and his good deeds and writings are immortal. HORACE SEAVER was a grand man. He did a great work, and those who come after us, and live among arrant cowards, as they evidently shall, will appreciate this honest and brave man. He stood at the helm for over fifty years. 'What a grand record' Not fifty years of sunshine, but fifty years of storm. Where is the man of all those you have known that could have filled his place, or done his work? He seemed born for the editorship of the *INVESTIGATOR*. It may truly be said of him that he lived long and well. He died in the mellow autumn of a ripe old age.

He lived long enough to see some of his grand ideas accepted by the intelligent part of the world. How beautiful to see a life rounded out with such comparative success. It was after contemplating such a splendid life that the bard was inspired to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

His clay now rests on the bosom of mother earth. To HORACE SEAVER we all must say, Farewell! But his deeds live in our hearts. The grand old INVESTIGATOR waves over his silent dust. It still proclaims the glorious ideas of the "old man eloquent," whose tongue is now silent, to the wide, wide world,—justice, liberty, and equality. Long may the flag of the INVESTIGATOR wave.

W. S. BELL.

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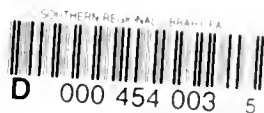
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